The Native American.

VOL. I. WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1838. NO. 35.

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, $2 50 in advance, or $3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, $1 50 *in advance*. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to H. J. BRENT, Editor.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

[*From Blackwood's Magazine.*]

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from our last.)

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the midst of a snow-storm. At an early hour of the day Augereau's column of 16,000 men was enveloped by the Russian masses, and, with the exception of 1500, totally destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the churchyard, where the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple showed how nearly danger was approaching. "Presently one of the Russian divisions, following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged, with loud hurrahs, to the foot of the mount where the Emperor was placed with a battery of the Imperial Guard and his personal escort of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve, consisting of six battalions of the old guard, were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get up to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung by a thread, but in that terrible moment the Emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered his little body-guard, hardly more than a company, to form line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other. The Russians, disordered by success and ignorant of the inestimable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenance of the little band of heroes who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy were upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot."

This dreadful slaughter continued throughout the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians under Lestocq advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Davoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. "Here," he cried, "is the place where the brave should find a glorious death; the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia." Still the French were driven on, with the loss of 3000 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell, and the battle was at an end.

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had yet received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was in Syria, and a British officer had the honor of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At ten at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced in the eyes of Europe, when he was saved from that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian general. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command, with Generals Knoring and Lestocq, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of; that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle; that whichever army gained ground, would be reputed the victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Benningsen, unluckily, satisfied with his triumph, past the vigor of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army, and exhausted by thirty-six hours on horseback, directed the march on Koningsberg.

We have already spoken of Mr. Alison as exhibiting admirable ability in description; that ability which, instinctively seizing on all the master features of a great scene, throws life into all its details, and, without wasting a word, brings the whole picture, vast, terrible, and tragic as it is, before the eye. This was the merit of Tacitus and Thucydides, and we know few passages in either more impressive than the brief sketch of the catastrophe of Eylau.

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately-contested that had yet occurred during the war; and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had wellnigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times, had a field of battle been strewed with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom above seven thousand were already no more: on that of the French, upwards of thirty thousand were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colors, under pretence of attending to the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days afterwards. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced: the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists; while they had made spoil of sixteen of the Russian guns, and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of them in a hopeless state, were left on the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French.

"Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape or half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian: the gay vinedresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Saussgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death: but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm: no cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard: the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of wo. It is this moment which the genius of Le Gros has selected for the finest and most inspired painting that exists of the Emperor, in that immortal work, which, amidst the false taste and artificial sentiment of Parisian society, has revived the severe simplicity and chastened feeling of ancient art."

This was the time for England to have thrown her strength into the scale. She was strongly importuned by Russia and Prussia. They pointed out the spot where a British expedition might strike the mortal blow. "Send a force to the mouth of the Elbe. Join the Swedes in Pomerania. Napoleon must fall back through fear of having his retreat cut off in Germany. Austria only waits for England. She has forty thousand men in observation in Bohemia. She could have a hundred thousand in motion on the Elbe. The Prussians are ready to rise. The balance is now equipoised. Throw in the British alliance, and the fates of Europe are decided."

Nothing could be more rational, effective, and true; but the ban of Whiggism was upon England. Her evil genius, in the person of Lord Grey, a man whose presence in public life has always been signalized by some great public calamity, froze her councils. The dastardly and shortsighted minister replied to all the eager outcries of Europe in these words, which ought to extinguish him as a patriot and a politician for ever;—"Doubtless the spring is the most favorable period for military operations, but at the *present juncture*, the allies must not look for any considerable land-force from Great Britain." And this with the despatch of the battle of Eylau actually in his hands! Let this be his epitaph. It is ignominy.

Napoleon's consciousness of his defeat was discoverable by stronger signs than the charlatanery of military movements, adopted for the express purpose of disguise. He made proposals of peace to Russia and Prussia. They were refused with impunity. He ordered up his principal corps from the rear, but dared not again attack the Russians. And, finally, he demanded of France, in March, 1807, the anticipated conscription of September, 1808.

Even at this distance of time, it is difficult to restrain the solemn gratification that follows from the sense of retributive justice. France till now had seen without a pang the miseries which the world suffered from her armies. All was victory, and no man counted the agonies which every victory cost the unfortunate people of the seat of war. France saw cannon and colors sent back to her capital from the unhappy countries blasted by the presence of her soldiery. Still all was national exultation. "We are the first soldiers, the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first people of the globe," was the national outcry; and every voice was raised to hail the progress of European massacre. But the slaughter had now begun to be retorted on herself; the sudden demand of a new conscription excited universal astonishment, remonstrance, and alarm. "What!" was the public exclamation, "three conscriptions within less than seven months; two hundred and forty thousand of the rising generation sent to be slaughtered in the Polish deserts within half a year! What nation could stand so horrible a drain? France must inevitably be ruined." "No words," says Mr. Alison, "can do justice to the consternation which this *third* requisition excited amongst all classes, especially those whose children were likely to be reached by the destructive scourge. In vain the bulletins announced, that victories were gained with hardly any loss. The terrific demand of the different conscriptions, amounting to no less than 240,000 men in seven months, too clearly demonstrated the fearful chasms which sickness and the sword of the enemy had made in their ranks. The number of young men who annually attained the age of eighteen in France, which was the period selected for the conscription, was about two hundred thousand. Thus in half a year, more than a whole annual generation had been required for a service which experience had now proved to be almost certain destruction."

The usual chicanery of Napoleon was employed to enfeeble the force of the public feeling; the journals were put on a new course of fiction; the theatrical spirit of the Government was brought to act upon the theatrical spirit of the people, and Renaud St. Angely, a revolutionary ruffian, who would have seen the blood of half mankind flowing down the steps of his guillotine without a shudder, was exhibited shedding tears in the Senate when he made his communication of the imperial necessity of homicide! The Senate, of course, played its corresponding part—was melted into sympathy, and voted the conscription. To qualify the vote, it was declared that the conscripts were to be organized merely as an army of reserve for the defence of the frontier. This promise was, of course, a falsehood. The conscripts, though saved from the Russian bayonet by the peace of Tilsit, were speedily drafted into the regular army, and destined to glut the wolves and vultures of the Peninsula.

The eloquent animation of this history often hurries us on as if we were reading a fine romance. We forget the grave realities, the desperate miseries, the startling horrors of the catastrophe in the brilliancy of the description, as if in the battles themselves nothing had been visible but the blaze of the cannon and the glitter of the steel, as if the whole were a magnificent fire-work, and the splendors of the vision were unpurchased by the hideous agonies of dying men, and the terrors of fallen nations.

Napoleon, on renewing hostilities, had attempted to force the intrenched camp of Heilsberg; and after a day's fighting, had been repulsed at seven in the evening with heavy loss. "I had on this occasion," says Savary, "an exceedingly warm altercation with the Grand Duke de Berg (Murat,) who sent to me in the very thickest of the action orders to move forward and attack; I bade the officer who brought the order go to the devil, asking at the same time if he did not see how we were engaged. That Prince, who would have commanded every where, wished that I should cease firing, at the hottest period of the fight, to march forward; he would not see that if I had done so I should infallibly have been destroyed before reaching the enemy. For a quarter of an hour I exchanged grape with the enemy—nothing enabled me to keep my ground but the rapidity of my fire. The coming on of night was most fortunate—while every one slumbered, the Emperor sent for me. He was content with my charge, but scolded me for having failed in the support of Murat. When defending myself, I had the boldness to say he was a fool, who would some day cause us to lose a great battle—and that it would be better for us if he was less brave and had more common-sense. The Emperor bade me be silent, saying I was in a passion, but did not think the less of what I had said. Next day he was in very bad humor; our wounded were as numerous as in a pitched battle."

We find ourselves unable to resist the pleasure of quoting the masterly description of the field of battle.

"The vehement cannonade which had so long illuminated the heavens now ceased, and the cries of the wounded, in the plain at the foot of the intrenchments, began to be heard above the declining roar of the musketry. At eleven at night, however, a deserter came into the Russian lines, and announced that a fresh attack was preparing. Suitable arrangements were accordingly made; and hardly were they completed, when dark masses of the enemy were seen, by the uncertain twilight of a midsummer night, to issue from the woods, and advance with a swift pace across the bloody plain which separated them from the redoubts. Instantly the batteries opened on the moving masses; they staggered under the discharge, but still pressed on, without returning a shot; but when they arrived within reach of the musketry, the fire became so vehement that the heads of the columns were entirely swept away, and the remainder driven back in great disorder, after sustaining a frightful loss. At length, at midnight, after twelve hours' incessant fighting, the firing entirely ceased, and nothing was heard in the narrow space which separated the two armies, but the groans of the wounded, who, anticipating a renewal of the combat in the morning, and tortured by pain, implored removal, relief, or even death itself, to put a period to their sufferings.

"Heavy rain fell in the early part of the night, which, though it severely distressed the soldiers who were unhurt in their bivouacs, assuaged the thirst and diminished the sufferings of the host of wounded of both armies who lay mingled together on the plain. With the first dawn of day the Russians again stood to their arms, expecting every moment to be attacked; but the morning passed over without any movement on the part of the enemy. As the light broke, the French were descried on the skirts of the wood in order of battle, but, more even than by their well-appointed battalions and squadrons, the eyes of all were riveted on a spectacle inconceivably frightful between their lines and redoubts. This space, about a quarter of a mile broad and above a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies, the greater part dead, but some showing by their motions that they preserved consciousness or implored relief. Six thousand corpses were here lying together as close as they had stood in their ranks, stript during the night of every rag of garment by the cupidity of the camp-followers of either army, ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which was still oozing from their wounds. How inuredsoever to the horrors of a campaign, the soldiers of both armies, even while they loathed it, felt their eyes fascinated by this harrowing spectacle, which exhibited war, stript of all its pomp, in its native barbarity; and, by common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in burying the dead, and removing the shivering wounded to the rear of the armies."

Franklin's Toast.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when, as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:

By the British Ambassador—"England—The sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank: France—The moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays, are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful.

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his simplicity, said: "Washington—The Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

Zoological.—They have an old Painter (Panther) in Chester county, without teeth or claws; but have not yet procured a cage for him. They may as well leave him to whine; for they'll have nothing more ridiculous to laugh at for a moon to come. Our respects to his beastship.

We are told that laboring cattle will perform their spring work with more vigor and less apparent fatigue, if they are fed two or three times a day with a few ears of Indian corn. Some, however, prefer giving them small quantities of raw potatoes, which are said to be more cooling than corn, and to answer the purpose of physic, as well as that of food. Perhaps it may be well to change their diet, occasionally, from the roots to the grain; and these with regular meals of good hay, will, in ordinary cases, be sure to keep them in good working order.—*Mt. Morris Spectator.*

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

The uses of these games were threefold; 1st, The uniting all Greeks by one sentiment of national pride, and the memory of a common race; 2dly, The inculcation of hardy discipline—of physical education throughout every State, by teaching that the body had its honors as well as its intellect, a theory conducive to health in peace—and in those ages when men fought hand in hand, and individual strength and skill were the nerves of the army, to success in war; but, 3dly, and principally, its uses were in sustaining and feeling, as a passion, as a motive, as an irresistible incentive—the desire of glory! That desire spread through all classes—it animated all tribes—it taught that true rewards are not in gold and gems, but in men's opinions. The ambition of the Altis established fame as a common principle of action. What chivalry did for a few, the Olympic contests effected for the many—they made a knighthood of a people.

If, warmed for a moment from the gravity of the historic muse, we might conjure up the picture of this festival, we would invoke the imagination of the reader to that sacred ground decorated with the profusest triumphs of Grecian art—all Greece assembled from her continent, her colonies, her isles—war suspended—a Sabbath of solemnity and rejoicing—the Spartan no longer grave, the Athenian forgetful of the forum—the highborn Thessalian, the gay Corinthian—the lively gestures of the Asiatic Ionian; suffering the various events of various times to confound themselves in one recollection of the past, he may see every eye turned to one majestic figure—hear every lip murmuring a single name—glorious in greater fields:—Olympia itself is forgotten. Who is the spectacle of the day? Themistocles, the conqueror of Salamis, and the saviour of Greece! Again—the huzzas of countless thousands follow the chariot wheels of the competitors—whose name is shouted forth, the victor without a rival? It is Alcibiades, the destroyer of Athens! Turn to the temple of the Olympian god, pass the brazen gates, proceed through the columned aisles, what arrests the awe and wonder of the crowd? Seated on a throne of ebon and ivory, of go'd and gems—the olive-crown on his head, in his right hand the statue of Victory, in his left, wrought of all metals, the cloud-compelling sceptre, behold the colossal master-piece of Phidias, the Homeric dream embodied—the majesty of the Olympian Jove! Enter the banquet-room of the conquerors—to whose verse, hymned in a solemn and mighty chorus, bends the listening Spartan—it is the verse of the Dorian Pindar! In that motley and glittering space (the fair of Olympia, the mart of every commerce, the focus of all intellect) join the throng, earnest and breathless, gathered round that sun-burnt traveller;—now drinking in the wild account of Babylonian gardens, or of temples whose awful deity no lip may name—now, with clenched hands and glowing cheeks, tracking the march of Xerxes along exhausted rivers, and over bridges that spanned the sea—what moves, what hushes that mighty audience? It is Herodotus reading his history!

[*Bulwer's Athens.*

A TALKING CHIP.

In erecting a chapel at Rarotonga, one of the South Sea Islands, a circumstance occurred which will give a striking idea of the feelings of an untaught and uncivilized people, when observing for the first time the effects of written communications. Mr. Williams, the first missionary who had visited the island, was the master workman in the building, and had come to his work one morning without his square. Taking a chip, with a piece of charcoal he wrote upon it a request that his wife should send him the article. He called a chief, near by, and said—'Friend, take this to my house, and give it to Mrs. Williams.' The native was remarkably quiet in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in some battle he had lost an eye; and giving the missionary an inexpressible look with the other, he said, 'Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' said Mr. Williams, 'she will not, take it and go at once, I am in haste.' Perceiving the master workman to be in earnest, the chief took it and inquired what he should say. He was answered, 'you have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish.' With astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said, 'How can this speak? Has this a mouth?' He was desired to spend no more time in doubting, but to try the experiment.

On arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it down, and proceeded to get the square. On receiving it the chief said, 'Stay, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?' 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say any thing.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quick as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement, with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms could reach, and shouting as he went—'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk, they can make chips talk!' The circumstance continued to be a matter of so much mystery, that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck and wore it for many days.

Nothing Personal.—At a recent vestry meeting in a metropolitan parish, a Mr. Bushey said to a Mr. ——, who was church warden at the time: "Sir, I mean nothing personal to my excellent friend Mr. ——; but it is my conscientious belief, that he has plundered the parish ever since he was born, and is the greatest thief in the universe. I do not wish to be personal; but I must say, he is a villain, an infamous scoundrel and a radical. I now speak in my *vestal* capacity, and I think that every hand should have a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world."

Original Dialogue.—"Pa," said a little boy, the other day, as he was reading a classical and chaste country newspaper, "what's the meaning of 'O tempora, O mores!' it isn't in the dictionary." He being a very 'learned man,' and withal, no despiser of good wine, replied "Why, (hiccup) child, it is high Dutch; (hiccup) and when interpreted conveys a salutary caution, and means (hiccup) "*keep your temper, O Moses.*"

THE VEILED IMAGE.

To Saïs once a youthful wanderer came, by thirst for knowledge brought to learn the secret wisdom of the Egyptian priests. Though quick he passed through many high degrees with ready spirit, curiosity, still doubtless, urged him on the more. In vain essayed his teacher to calm the impatient aspirant.

'What have I, if I have not all?' he cried. 'Is there here a more and less? Is thy truth like the sense's pleasure, then? A sum, of which we may a more or less possess, yet always can possess? Is it not a whole—one—and indivisible? Lose but a note from an harmony; blot one color from the bow; what we have left is worthless—wanting the beauteous whole to color and to sound!'

And once discoursing thus, they chanced to be within a lonely temple—when, lo! the youth beheld before him an image, veiled, of giant size. He turns in wonder to the Heirophant.

'What is this concealed beneath the veil?'

'The truth!' replied the sage.

'Ha!—after truth alone I have striven ever; and is it thus, indeed, so long from me withheld?'

'The Deity must that resolve,' returned the priest—'for thus she speaks: '*This thing no mortal thing shall raise, till it myself remove.*' Whoso with unhallowed and guilty hand shall touch the holy, the inhibited, he, saith the goddess, he ——'

'What?—proceed!'

'He the truth shall see!'

'Strange oracle! And hast thou never raised the veil?'

'I? Nay, indeed; nor even the temptation felt!'

'If this thin veil alone debar me from the truth ——'

'And a law!' interrupts the sage. 'The slight gauze, my son, is weightier far than thou supposest it. Light to thy hand—but to thy conscience an enormous load!'

To his home the youth, full of deepest thoughts, retired. The fiery lust of knowledge robbed him of his sleep—and on his couch, fevered, he tossed.

At midnight he rushed forth. Unconsciously, his timorous steps conduct him to the temple. He scales the easy walls. One bold leap brings him within their sacred circle. He is alone, and around him horrid, lifeless stillness, broken only by the hollow echo of his footfall upon the secret vaults; while from the open cupola the moon cast her pale silver light; and fearfully, like to a present deity, through the gloomy arch the veiled image shone! He approaches with uncertain steps. He reaches forth his sacrilegious hand to touch the holy vision, and a shock, as of fire and ice, ran shivering through his frame, and an unseen arm repels hem! Unhappy youth! Within his inmost soul, whispers a kindly voice—

'Wouldst thou then dare to tempt the all-holy one! By the mouth of the oracle 'tis said, 'No mortal thing this veil shall raise, till it myself remove!'

'But the same mouth hath said, 'whoso the veil shall raise, shall see the truth! Be what there may behind, I will see it!' with a loud voice he cried.

'See it!' yelled back in scorn the echo.

He spoke, and raised the veil.

'What saw he?' thou demandest. I know not. Senseless and pale the priests found him on the morrow, outstretched before the feet of Isis's statue! What he saw or heard, his tongue hath never told! Cheer from his life had fled forever, and melancholy bore him to an early grave.

'Wo to him!'—such was his warning word to each importunate question. '*Wo to him that cometh at the truth through guilt! Truth will gladden him no more forever!*'—*N. York Mirror.*

The Last Snake Story.—We should like to hear Yankee Hill drawl through the oriental portion of the following dialogue, we copy from the Picayune:

'I reckon this 'ere country of yourn is pretty consideration productive, stranger, is'nt it?' said a down-easter, who had just arrived in one of the new Mississippi settlements, to a person whom he met, one of the regular meet axe breed.

'There's not such another country between this and the State of Buncome, in North Carolina,' replied the Mississippi settler.

'Raise a good deal of cotting, eh?'

'Lots of it.'

'All-fired quantities of game in this section, I 'spose.'

'Considerably of a sprinkling, 'specially snakes.'

'What sort of snakes?'

'Rattle-snake and Copper-heads.'

'Oh! get out! du tell, I want tu know if they're so almighty thick?'

'Rather. Dad and I went out this morning snake hunting—killed only a cord and a quarter—but then it was a bad snake morning, and you must make some allowances.'

'Oh! I'll make any 'lowances and tracks out of the settlement at the same time. But say, jest 'tween ourselves, if it had raly been a good morning, how many cords du you 'magine you'd a killed?'

'Five is about an average.'

'*Five!* You don't say so?'

'Yes I do, though.'

'Which is my shortest way out of this 'ere settlement? I have strong ideas of sloping, forthwith.'

'Keep right straight ahead.'

'Well, I wish you a good day. Give my best 'spects to your dad, and tell him I hope he'll have better snake-weather next time he goes out, I'm o-p-h.'

Willis vs Clifton.—Here is a suit in earnest Willis wrote a play expressively for the lovely Josephine, and the price was to be one thousand dollars—the author demanded his money for the play, which Josephine's secretary paid by a note of hand. When the note was due, it was protested for non-payment, and for this cause is the action brought against the pretty actress. She says she won't pay it, and intends to plead 'no consideration and no value!'—*Boston Post.*

Printer's absence of Mind.—"Here," said a tyro, to an adept in the art of printing, "your *pye's* going in *job!*"—[N. Am.